

VOL. XVII.-No. 430.

JUNE 3, 1885.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



FOR DECENCY'S SAKE!

The Reporters of Incurable Scandal-mongering Journals must be Kept Out of the Criminal Courts, or We shall have to Keep the Newspapers Out of Our Homes.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00

One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50

One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25

(England and all Countries in the Bern Postal Treaty)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00

One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00

One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

52 INCL. POSTAGE. "62"

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

62 The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

62 We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred and fifty times more.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is no denying that the times are dull. Business is at what is generally called a standstill. There is no great sensation to interest the people and keep things lively. President Cleveland's administration is too conservative to give even the wildest of Blainian alarmists a chance to frighten the country with predictions of ruin and revolution. There is not even a pestilence abroad in the land, for the cholera has not come to time, and the roller-skating craze has subsided. The average murder of the day is commonplace and uninteresting. Mr. John L. Sullivan appears to be more or less under a cloud, just at present. Altogether, we may fairly say that the times are dull. Naturally, therefore, we may expect to find the chronicles of the time sharing the same dullness.

But they don't, unfortunately. It is the curse of our journalism that it never can dare to be dull. The American newspaper is a slave to the spirit of sensationalism; and if it does not find its sensations ready-made, it is forced to make them to order. Now, prime murders of highly interesting quality are not as plenty as blackberries, and there is nothing to be done with a President who insists on being sensible and not sensational. But poor human nature is pretty certain, at all times and seasons, to sin in one particular direction; and the record of that special variety of sin is supposed to furnish the most interesting sort of reading.

So our newspapers have taken to making capital of the indecent iniquities of which, in livelier times, they would be ashamed to treat. There is no sin against society that is not hauled out of its proper obscurity to make "spicy" the dreary long columns of our dailies. Every wanton's prank is recounted with disgusting detail. Every exhibition of profligate shamelessness is fully advertised in reports and editorials—and all this not only in the penny dreadfuls, but in journals of the more respectable class. If the times were never duller than they are now, it must be admitted that the newspapers were never nastier.

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher has come nobly to the front to try to give us something like a decent, respectable, clean sensation; but we grieve to say that we fear his praiseworthy attempt will prove futile. The trouble

THE CRANK SEASON ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



THE BRIDGE POLICEMEN SHOULD BE PROVIDED WITH SCOOP-NETS WITHOUT DELAY.

with his sensation is that it is a very old sensation. Bless our poor old theology-racked soul! how many an excellent minister of the Gospel have we seen march smilingly up to do this very same act. And the act remains undone, and the circle is yet un-squared, and the old orthodoxy and the new science are just as much at variance as they ever were. The successful performance of the feat may be reserved for Mr. Beecher; but we don't believe it. It will take something more than a plank from Plymouth Church platform to bridge the chasm between Darwin and the first chapter of Genesis.

The newspapers find one subject on which they cannot say too much. By a judicious use of padding, a story worth a quarter of a column may be dressed up into a sensation of a column or more, and only an expert will be able to discover where the padding is put on. The American navy is not a very large subject. In fact, a man would have to amble about at a very excellent pace for about three score years and ten in order to find a smaller subject than the American navy. But no subject has been a more fruitful theme for writers than this. And there has been no padding in the stories, either. All the padding was in the navy.

The navy, so far as discovered, consists principally of padding, and mighty expensive padding, too. It has generally been conceded that you can't do much with anything by putting the padding in first. Even Nature did not accomplish much on that plan. When she undertook to produce creatures with a substratum of flesh and with bones laid on afterward, she turned out a pretty poor lot of animals. Oysters, crabs and lobsters do not stand very high in biological society. So when some people undertook to produce an American navy by building some fleshy ships, and then went to work to put some strength in afterward, they did not set themselves up before the country as benefactors of the human race.

However, they were not trying to. What they were aiming at they hit. They were en-

gaged in the inglorious work, not of putting up ships, but of putting up a job on the entire country. They were building a ramshackle lot of ships for as much money as they possibly could. They were building them on the Buddensiek flat principle, so that they would tumble to pieces. Then the contractor would have more work and the Navy Department more opportunity for more jobs. The outrages that certain predecessors of the present Secretary of the Navy have perpetrated have been hidden hitherto. If the change in the administration had done no other good, it would have been a boon to the country in this, that it has checked the wholesale swindling in the Navy Department. Secretary Whitney has the books, and, if there is no redress for what has been done, there is no likelihood that the swindling will go further.

ONE EVENING last week Mr. Ichabod Snummey went to his club, and had the temerity to remain out until long after midnight. Well did Ichabod Snummey know that Mrs. Snummey, like Tam O'Shanter's wife, was at home "nursing her wrath to keep it warm." So he thought it would be safer to stay out until daybreak, and steal in after his wife had been compelled to retire through exhaustion.

This seemed a novel plan, and Mr. Ichabod Snummey laughed so hard over it that he untied his shoes. Just as he was going up the stoop at half-past four, and was unlocking the door, the milkman appeared, and let off a yell loud enough to waken a policeman.

Mrs. Snummey heard it and said:

"There's Ichabod howling drunk again."

So she was at the door in an instant with a broom.

"Don't hit me with that," pleaded Ichabod, after the first expression of surprise had passed off his countenance.

"I don't think I will," replied Mrs. Snummey: "it is not hard enough. Just wait till I secure the tongs."

While she went for the tongs, Mr. Snummey took something that looked like a roll of music from his pocket, unrolled it, and held it before him opened, with the inside toward his wife.

When she returned with the tongs uplifted, she took one glance at the pages held before her eyes, and burst out into such a fit of laughter that she was obliged to drop the tongs on the floor that her hands might be free to hold her sides.

She didn't get through laughing until Mr. Ichabod Snummey had eaten his breakfast and departed for business.

Dearly beloved, the volume that Mr. Ichabod Snummey sprang on his enraged wife in the nick of time was PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop, the great laugh-raiser of the nineteenth century. Price, twenty-five cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

THE "MOHICAN."

[Secretary Whitney having ordered an investigation in respect to the repairs upon the U. S. man-of-war *Mohican*, at the Mare Island Navy-Yard, upon the statement that the same cost nine hundred thousand dollars, while a new and better vessel could be bought in open market for two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, Puck dispatched a special reporter, and by royal good fortune has obtained advance-sheets of the report to be presented by the committee.]

THE REPORT.

To His Royal Excellency Whitney, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, or what remains thereof.

Honored Sir:—In pursuance of your order, heretofore duly received, we beg to report as follows:

I. We have carefully examined the structure, and find it in comparatively good order, considering the repairs made, not made, and to be made upon the same.

II. The cellar is quite tight in the main. In the north end there is a large hole in the wall, through which water comes whenever it rains hard. This could be cured by about ten dollars' worth of Portland cement. We found a half-ton of coal in the coal-bin. Being covered by dust and ashes, we could not determine its quality; but we believe and report it to be third-grade anthracite from the Don Cameron mine, Pennsylvania.

The ground-floor was in praiseworthy condition. The bar and back bar were clean, and all the glasses, bottles and decanters evidenced great fidelity on the part of your employees. We would also gratefully report the courtesy of said gentlemen in affording us all necessary information respecting the premises, and respectfully recommend their transfer to a higher sphere at Washington, D. C. The living-rooms were neat and orderly.

The second floor was littered up by a large amount of old junk. The parties in charge explained that the market was very dull, and that they were waiting for better prices.

We found old iron (twenty years old), old canvas (eighteen years old), and old ropes, bagging and cordage (thirty years old), which should be sold forthwith.

The roof, though water-tight, shows the wear-and-tear of time. All of the slates are off. Most of them, we are informed and believe, have

been purloined by hotel-keepers in the neighborhood, by whom they are publicly used with full knowledge and acquiescence on the part of your employees. The clothes-posts and lines are still serviceable, and with care can be employed for several years to come. We found a small Fourth-of-July cannon near the cornice; but, as its discharge might injure the coping, we took the liberty of ordering its instant removal.

III. The expenditure of nine hundred thousand dollars for repairs we find to have been well and faithfully made. The vouchers footed up to within a few cents of the figures given, and are undoubtedly correct. A brief summary thereof is as follows:

Primaries carried.....	\$150,000 03
" lost	4,001 02
Conventions carried	200,907 08
" lost	1,204 70
Statesmen supported	50,000 75
" half supported	83,902 10
Traveling expenses	50,000 00
Mortar	53 50
Bricks	117 00
Tailor bills	12,399 00
Restaurant	193,000 50
Telegraphing	12,000 00
Balls	139,000 00
Shoveling off snow	4,000 50
Cleaning out cellar	10 00
Repairs of ice-box	2,000 50
Cupola	110 00
Sodding back yard	42 15
Wistaria vine and trellis	53 50
Street-sweeper and watering-cart	800 10
Gas-meter	350 52
Reporters treated.....	977 45
Editors	36,000 17
	\$940,930 57

E. & O. E.

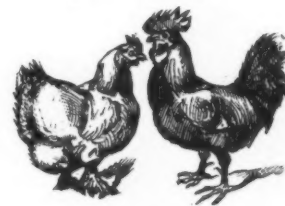
IV. We unanimously report against moving the structure from its present position. The girders and tie-beams are unequal to the strain that would be put upon them, and the clap-boards would certainly fall off.

V. As to the final disposition of the edifice, we report that, as old lumber and junk, it would bring about five thousand five hundred dollars; that, leased as a summer theatre, it would rent for five hundred dollars per annum; and as a beer-saloon, for about two thousand dollars.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

WH-T-L-W R - D,
J. P-L-TZ-R,
C. A. D-N-A,
G. J-N-ES,
M. H-L-ST-D. } Committee.
F.

Puckerings.



AN ETHIOP SPEAKS.

I've now got my garden laid out and upspaded,
But never a seed have put in,
And soon it will be by my neighbor's hens raided,
And then a good dinner I'll win.

Because I have purposely spaded the garden
To lure in the old Dominick,
And when he appears all my feelings I'll harden,
And make the old chanticleer sick.

He'll scratch for a moment, and then he will wonder
What landed so hard on his neck,
And then the next moment I'll have him, by thunder,
In the pot of hot water, a wreck.

And then I shall have a most glorious dinner,
For chicken's my favorite plate.
Come, Pompey, now hurry, you spry little sinner,
Down the garden and open the gate.

Just hold up a moment, for here comes a guinea
That seems full of frolic and fun,
And now just keep quiet and cool, pickaninny,
And hand your old father the gun.

THE REVISED VERSION will, no doubt, have a great effect on modern Sheology.

AFTER A WHILE the ulster and the arctic overshoe will claim all seasons as their own.

NOW THAT the New Orleans fair is about over, we should like to know how many pianos and sewing-machines received the first prize.

"THE ONLY thing which can be said against Minister Phelps is that he has written some poetry." This surprises us. We understood the charge was that he didn't write poetry.

IT is all well enough to say that a house to stand should be built upon a rock. We know a sugar-merchant who owns a fine residence that defies the fury of tempest and cyclone, and that merchant built his palace on sand.

IT is stated that Ben Butler has experienced the thrilling sensation of tobogganing. This is not new to us. Ben has been a political toboggan so long that we fear he has reached the bottom of the hill at last.

CIRCUSES HAVE various quarters for passing the winters in. There is soon to be a place called Chestnut Hill on the Greenwood Lake Railroad, and we should think this would be the proper place for the clowns to go.

IF PONCE DE LEON had discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, it would be rough on the actress who gets a five-dollar note from a face-powder manufacturer for booming his wares in a genial little note to be used as an advertisement.

So you would like to know why the United States Navy names one of her ships the *Dolphin*, eh? Perhaps you think it is because she swims along so gracefully; but that is not it. It is because you can't tell at what moment she is going to head for the bottom.

CARTER HARRISON, the Mayor of Chicago, has sued several papers for libel, placing his damages at eight hundred thousand dollars. If the Mayor of Chicago's reputation is worth that much, the reputation of a respectable private citizen must reach into the millions.

A COMPARATIVE APPLICATION.



TONEY TRAMP.—No, sir, I don't believe in equal rights.
TRAMP WHO IS NOT TONEY.—Oh, you capitalistic brute!

ACCORDING TO the advertisements in the papers, it costs more for an excursion-ticket to Antwerp by the Red Star Line in the second cabin than it does in the first. We think we see through this. It is to enable poor, respectable people to occupy the first cabin, and wealthy, vulgar people to have a more expensive spot. At this rate, we imagine the steerage rates must be so high as only to be within the reach of plumbers, icemen, hack men, and other rich folks of that class that belong there.

LOGIC.

[From Mr. Mushmelon's Financial Article in the New York "Flatheaded Borer-Chronicle."

But what stares our farmers in the face with most ruin is the outrageous foreign demand for our exported breadstuffs. Now, a foreign demand is what we, the future posterity of a Hickory Jackson, are bound to resist, even if we have to call out every able-bodied gun-boat over forty-five, and jump the bounty from Daniel to Queen Sheba. For there be certain fundamental laws of trade (which every farmer ought to subscribe for), which, if enforced by Mr. Cleveland, will go far to prevent that fatal movement of the crops, and promote the much desired stagnation of trade, which has been overdone by the inflation of our bank officers and the politeness of the Bland dollar; the result of which is that our debts are being wasted when we have most need of them, our rolling-mills are gone to the rink, our rot-gut to the bad, Sullivan is on the strike, and the rest of our magnificent hog-crop appeals to our sympathies in vain, while, as the poet Horace remarked (when he went West, after foundering the Tribunes): "Our ploughshares are rusting at their wharfs; howl ye ships of tar, sich!"

On the other hand, though it may be true that one whiskey in a horn is worth two in bond, yet, our bonded boatholders should take warning from the cows that bloated themselves on the early spring clover, or they may bust up and down like Raven Poe when he stood on the busted palace: which would tend to shut down our grinding monopolies, and leave us to eat the monopolies with the husk on, as the Arkansas traveler ate his corn-cake; which was all right as far as it went, but no roof on the shanty. This theory looks plausible enough on paper; but every writer deeply reversed in political economy knows that under the circumstances our motto should be, "Shoot hog or die," as Admirable Farragut remarked to the balky gunner on that undying occasion when he lashed himself to the hind-wheels of his ship. For what did old Illiad say, when he and Hector Paris and Aggie Memnon and a lot of other good boys and girls of both sexes were making a night of it down at Troy, after Andrew Mash had stood out that bottle of Priam old liquor? No sooner did the old man feel his head well on than he extemporated:

"The stars shine in the hollow sky,
But I shine in a doggerly."

There seems to be a better feeling in groceries, which ought to be reciprocated before it gets mouldy; for what did Col. Shakspeare sing (the Colonel, it seems, was a musician as well as a banjo-player): "A fellow feeling round makes us kind of feel for our pockets."

Neither should the Indian question be allowed to slumber in this connection, since Pope Alexander remarked to Cardinal Manning, as soon as the Cardinal got into the Treasury, while they were superintending a Protestant roast in the front kitchen of Twickenham House: "Blow the poor Indian!" This was on the occasion when a tender-breasted young American got sweet on the Pope's big toe and wanted to kiss it.

Meanwhile, to preserve the balance of trade, let each of our cleaned out fellow-citizens carry money in both pockets. Otherwise it may happen, owing to those unchanging principles of integrity which make everything look as crooked as the left side of Watty Whitman's poetry, that, in spite of all the blessings showered down on us while our umbrellas are up the spout, we may be compelled by the fate of irony to hang our harps on the willow-trees for want of a gallows, and go—to use the words of a great poet who died just in the nick of time—where the woodtwine pineth, and there dig our toe-nails into

THE TRAMP'S APPEAL.

Friends! Americans! Countrymen! lend me your loose change!

I come to fill this vacant pocket-book!
Men's borrowings do oft live after them,
Their loans are oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with mine. The noble police
Say I not often do exert my muscle;
If that is so, it is a common fault,

And I will try, most worthy sirs, to mend it.
Here, by the leave of police—and the rest—
For police all are honorable men—
So are the rest all honorable men—
Come I to speak for this slim wallet's good.
It was my friend—best of all friends to me—
For other friends depended upon this,
And waxed and waned in number as the gold
Did wax and wane in this now flattened purse.
I speak not to disprove what police say—
For, sure, police are honorable men—
But here I am to speak what I do know,
That once this wallet here was full of gold,
Earned by my muscle and by sweat of brow.
And now—well, now the police they do say
I am a vagabond, and never had
A spark of decency. But still we know
The police all are very decent men.
O Charity! Thou 'rt fled, the Lord knows where,
And men have lost their hearts! Bear with me now;
My heart is in the past with this poor purse
When it was full, and I was feeling merry....
If you have change, prepare to move it now
From your full pockets to this empty one.
You all do see this open pocket-book.
Look! From this place the butcher plucked the gold!
See what a gap the envious baker made!
From this the swindling tailor grabbed the coin
For an ill-fitting suit with bagging knees—
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
Thus, day by day, the wallet full did shrink.
Oh, what a shrinkage there, my countrymen!
Then did I shrink up in the social scale,
And now I am a changed and different man.



Good friends! Kind friends! Now let me stir you up
To a high pitch of generous charity!
I am no orator, as Butler is,
To stir your blood and look you through and through

In both directions—east and west, withal.
But were I Butler, and he I,
There were an orator would move your hearts,
And cause your nickels to rise up in charity!

DUVVA.

the ground till business looks up, and hang our hats on the golden pegs.

So much, of course, is clear to the meanest capacity that ever went back on his washer-woman; but there are certain questions involved in the discussion of which the problems which require for their solution an intimate acquaintance with the unknown laws which fail to regulate the interdependence of the various relations which intimately resemble the widely different influence which, if brought to bear on the inherent difference which binds together those elements which pervade the difficulties that simplify the problems with which the ancients wrestled in vain, and—and to which—to which even the best of us are prone. But, alas, why should we prolong? In other words, why argue? as the Rev. Samson remarked (with the jaw-bone of a Philistine) to the Goliath which David had just felled with a gin-sling.

FREE LUNCH.

THE HAY-CUTTER should look to its laurels. A Jerseyman recently had several of his toes captured by a lawn mower.

A PHILOSOPHER SAYS: "Many of us live on our emotions." And many more live on their wives' relations. The latter method promises the richest returns.

It is said that Dionysius, the tyrant, singed his beard off with hot walnut-shells. This would go to show that barbers were as bad in ancient times as they are now.

"I THREW A STONE I knew not where" is the first line of a recent poem. That is the great trouble with women's throwing stones; they never know where they will hit.

THE McJONES LIBEL-SUIT.

It was a libel-suit against a country editor. The Justice was a piece of sunburned, white-haired humanity, who had spent the early portion of his years guiding the horny-handed plow. A hollow-eyed man with long hair and a longer face was the defendant, and his offense consisted in terming, through the columns of his paper, a staid village spinster "one of Nature's hand-maids." The counsel for the defense had come from the city, and was a man of few words, and those few to the point.

"What is your occupation?" he asked his client.

"Good sir," he answered: "my life has been devoted to the soul-culture of my brother-man, not to forget those angelic beings of a fairer sex, and to the education of the masses through the all-powerful medium of the public press—the press as free and untrameled—"

"He means," interrupted the counsel, addressing the astonished and bewildered Court: "that he writes poetry and edits a newspaper. Now, Mr. McJones,"—turning to the witness—"state, if you please, how long you have been engaged in your present professions."

"Mr. McJones heaved a sigh, and choking back a flow of emotions, answered:

"Alas! I was not always what you see me now. There was a time, a happy season, when the undivided attention of my soul was given to the gentler of the arts whereof you speak, when child-like I wallowed in a pool of blissful rhythm. Ah! Sweet it is to ponder on that dreamy past, and sad the thought that it can ne'er come back again. O Time! If earthly mortals—"

"Stop it, for Heaven's sake, stop it!" shouted the Court, in undisguised alarm: "What's the gosh darn fool tryin' to git at?"

"He means, if Your Honor please," said the gentleman of law: "that for a certain period prior to the date of starting his paper he devoted his entire energies to the writing of poetry. Now, Mr. McJones, tell us, as near as your memory will permit, the date you added journalism to your former occupation."

The witness ran four bony fingers and a thumb through his disheveled front hair, and raised his eyes to heaven.

"Yon glorious orb hath risen and set full many times," he said: "since dawned that fateful day of which you speak. 'Twas in the month of flowers, now nigh a twelvemonth since. The balmy dews of spring—"

"Never mind the balmy dews just yet," said the counsel, glancing nervously at the Court, whose appearance was indicative of intense agitation: "You say you went into the newspaper business in May of last year. Did you find your venture a profitable one, from a financial point of view?"

"The efforts of a lofty mind can ne'er receive their due in filthy coin," said the witness: "The true child of poetry lives above the petty wants and cares of common life. Whether or no he finds the glittering gold within his grasp, he still pursues the shining path to fame, and though clouds of misfortune may oft bedark the heaven of his existence, yet can they not quench the ardent fire that burns within his breast."

"From what you have just said, I gather a negative answer to my question," said the lawyer: "You do not find the newspaper business profitable."

"Nay," cried the poet: "understand me. Gazing upon it with the eye of one who sees success alone in greedy gain, the profit hath been truly small; but know, thou meddler in affairs which touch thee not, and thou who, perched upon thy judgement seat—"

"What's that?" interrupted the Justice: "What's that? What d'ye mean, you hatchet-

faced idiot! Don't talk any more of your con-sarned nonsense to me. I won't have no one call me perched."

The witness gazed with pitying scorn upon the Justice, and the lawyer said:

"Tell us, if you will, the motives which led you to devote a portion of your talents to the publication of a newspaper."

"Man cannot live on air alone," the poet said: "and though the laborer is worthy of his hire, it oft so happens that—that he don't get it. Oft, like the Scripture prophet, the man who opes his soul for public weal is not accounted poet 'mongst his own countrymen. The pedian 'commodations being poor, he cannot seek a foreign clime, and must needs find other means to live upon his native heath, or else must starve. And, further, fame cometh not to man until his works are known. My treasured verses were refused with scorn by vulgar minds. Indeed, the heartless wretches more than once consigned them to the vessel where wasted paper—"

"In a word," interrupted the counsel: "you thought to gain the desired fame, and a livelihood as well, by publishing your poetry, together with current news, in a daily paper."

"Wanted to kill two birds with one stone," ejaculated the Court, with a burst of intelligence, as the meaning of the witness's jargon was flashed into his comprehension.

"O cruel sir!" resumed the witness: "You cannot know the tender softness of the poet heart. Be sure I would not slay the little feathered songsters of the wood. Their rapturous melodies—"

The counsel for the prosecution for the first time interposed.

"I don't think the witness is well to-day," he said: "and I think, if Your Honor please, that the case had better go over until he is better, or we can have an interpreter."

"It's mighty plain," said the Justice: "that he's someway wrong in his head, and I'm darned if I don't believe he's been drinkin'. Now, you," he added, severely, addressing the witness: "we're goin' to quit where we are till Saturday mornin'; and if you come around then with any of your fandangle, musicky testimony, I'll be darned if I don't lock you up for drunk."

Sedately, and with sadness, the poet left the court-room, remarking something about aversion to a bowl, and corruption in high places. I. D. WHITE.

IN A WOOD.



O little maid with the big straw hat,
Let 's sit on this log and have a chat.
Now, is n't it charming to sit right here,
With the murmuring brooklet lingering near,
And the great green leaves a-tumbling down
On my white plug-hat and your airy gown,
And to hear the cat-bird rudely squawk
An accompaniment to our idle talk?
Oh, hear the splash of the waterfall;
Oh, see the bee in the wild-flower tall;
Oh, see the squirrel run up the tree,
As happy as ever a squirrel can be.

Is it not pleasanter far right here
Than at the receptions of Vandever,
Where we lurk 'neath the jets of blazing gas,
And under them in a wild waltz pass,
Or cling to the wall and idly dream
Till time for the oysters and ice-cream?

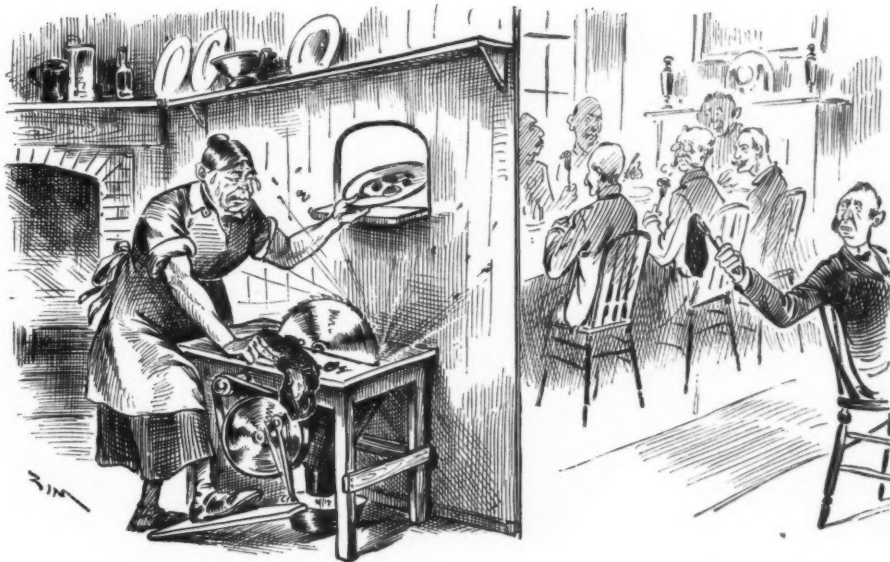
And why do I like it so much right here
In this wood, which you think so lone and drear?
I suppose I have got to go and tell
The reason I like this wood so well.
I suppose I might as well tell you now:
The reason I like this wood 's, somehow,
Because you are in it. At any rate,
Let us make for St. Thomas's soon a date.

Under the tree we thus did linger,
While with a bit of ribbon blue
I nervously proceeded to
Measure her white engagement-finger.

MORE OF HER.

"You say you know Sallie Jones?"
"Yes."
"Is she homelier than her sister Mary?"
"Yes. She's bigger."

AN EXPLANATION.



THIS IS NOT A SAW-MILL IN OPERATION. IT IS BRIDGET CUTTING UP SOME UP-TOWN TENDERLOIN FOR THE BOARDERS.

SHINBONES SPOILS A RACKET.



ROTHER PETER MAGUFF was sitting quietly in his cabin on the outskirts of Hoboken, resting after a long day's toil. He had worked five hours, and felt quite weary. While he was meditating upon the hardships of a poor man's existence, some one knocked at the door.

"Come in, dar," answered Peter.

And the venerable form of Brother Shinbones Smith appeared.

"Brudder Pete," said old man Shinbones: "I'se come around hyar fur ter gib yo' warnin'."

"Warnin' o' wot?" asked Peter.

"Sumfin' am gwine fur ter happen dis hyar berry night," said Shinbones, solemnly.

"Look hyar, Brudder Shinbone," said Peter: "yo' jess might ez well come around wid a gun an' blow de top off'n my head ez ter come in hyar an' skeer me ter deff by talkin'."

"Oh, 'tain't nuffin' ter git much skeert 'bout," said Shinbones, reassuringly.

"Den dis hyar niggah don't gib a durn," answered Peter.

"Den I s'pose yo' don't want me fur ter tole yo' 'bout it," said Shinbones.

"Look hyar, Brudder Shinbone, wot's de use o' bein' so durned cantinkorous? Tole me wot am gwine fur ter happen."

"Wal, some o' dem dar smaht niggahs am gwine fur ter gib yo' a s'prise-pahty."

This announcement was fully a minute in making its way through Peter's astonished brain. When he had arrived at a full comprehension of its meaning, he sat down and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Haw, haw, haw! Gwine ter gib me—haw, haw, hi, yi, yi, yi—a s'prise-pahty—haw, haw, hi, yi, yi, yi—waow! Dis hyar niggah 's gwine ter git a s'prise-pahty! Oh, waow!"

"Peahs like yo'se kinder bruk up by dis hyar infohmation," remarked Shinbones.

"Wot de dooce does I want wid deir durn ole s'prise-pahty?" inquired Pete.

"Dat's jess wot I come hyar fur ter find out," said Shinbones.

The two men sat and stared at each other in silence for a few moments. Then Shinbones's eyes began to twinkle and his lips to twitch. A faint smile appeared around the corners of his mouth, and gradually widened into a broad grin, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, de high golly!" he exclaimed, when he was able to control himself.

"Wot's de mattah now?" asked Peter.

"Wal, I'se got a great scheme," he replied.

"Tole me wot it am."

"All right," said Shinbones, and he proceeded to unfold to his friend the plan which he had conceived.

In the meantime Brothers Squeezeout Peabody, Wakeup Misery, Parsimony Higgins, Salamander Thompson and other members of the colored society of West Hoboken were preparing for the grand surprise-party which was to astonish and delight Brother Peter Maguff. Brother Squeezeout Peabody had been appointed master of ceremonies, and had arranged an imposing pageant.

Brother Wakeup Misery was the proud possessor of a cornet with one key, and he was appointed to walk in front of the procession in company with Salamander Thompson, who had a pair of cracked cymbals. They were to keep these instruments silent until they arrived at Peter's door, and then a grand flourish was to inform that astonished person of their presence. In the dim starlight the procession moved forward from Brother Squeezeout's residence, and advanced quietly along the road toward Peter's. It was close to nine o'clock when they came in sight of that gentleman's cabin. All was quiet; not a glimmer of light was seen.

"Gorra'mighty!" whispered Squeezeout: "I reckon dat dar niggah done gone ter bed."

And they all chuckled at the anticipated pleasure of arousing him. Cautiously they stole up to the front of his cabin and formed in double line before it.

"Now, den," whispered Squeezeout: "w'en I say free, let 'er sizzle. Now—one, two, free!"

"Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra! Tzing, tzing, clang, biff!" went the cornet and cymbals.

Not a sound replied. They all listened, but heard no response. "Dat durn niggah sleeps like a feesh," said Squeezeout: "let 'er go ag'in."

"Tan-ta-ra-ta-ra! Tzing, bang, zip!"

The echo died away, and again all was silence.

"Wal," said Squeezeout: "we hab got ter go in."

They went in, the door being unlocked, and found Peter's parlor dark and silent.

"He's in bed; le's go up an' haul him out," said Squeezeout.

Cautiously the party moved toward the stairs, feeling their way in the darkness, and presently the foremost of them set his foot on the lowest step.

Bang! Crash! Glare!

There was a tremendous explosion, followed by a crashing fall and a sudden glare of unearthly eyes, nose and mouth.

With one frightful shriek the women of the party seized the men by the arms, and all rushed from the house. For a moment in front of it they paused, but a series of horrible shrieks from within sent them all scampering down the road; and they did not return.

What were those shrieks? Here they are.

"Hi, hi, he, he, haw, haw! Oh, whee-o-o-o-p! Waow!"

They were emitted by Brother Pete Maguff and Brother Shinbones Smith, who were rolling on their backs in uncontrollable laughter at thinking that, by merely firing Peter's old horse-pistol, dumping a bucket of kindling-wood over the stairs, and lighting up an artistically cut pumpkin-head, they had so surprised the surprise-party.

W. J. HENDERSON.

"WRITE ON one side of the paper only," remarked the editor to the poetical contributor: "It is easier to read, and we can use the other side to write editorials on."

"THE PHILOSOPHY of one century is the common-sense of the next." This would seem to indicate that the last century was sadly deficient in philosophy.

Biz.

When the sun had brightly kindled
All the summer days,
Then we went and turned the brindled
Heifer out to graze.

Very soon that kind of living	Which said twenty up to fifty
Made her soft as silk;	Daily do we jump,
Now she 's stabled, daily giving	For we 're muscular and thrifty
Twenty quarts of milk.	With our back-yard pump.

ARTESIAN WELLS have been known in China from time immemorial. This would seem to indicate that in early times the quality of manufactured liquor in China must have been very bad.

SAUCE FOR THE ELDERLY GANDER.



SENIOR.—"My boy, I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you pass your school examination?"

JUNIOR.—"Hush, pop. If I had made such a poor show as you have in your civil service examination, I shouldn't say a word."

BROKEN OFF.

The young man had been spending a few weeks at Old Point Comfort, to bridge him over the horrible winter months of April and May.

Of course, it is a very delightful spot, and the young man who had succeeded in securing a leave of absence for the benefit of his health enjoyed the change immensely.

He sat on the piazza, and watched the old ocean as her myriad ripples danced in the sun, and looked like a great blue enameled jeweler's tray, flowered with gold and sprayed with costly gems.

And in one of these day-dreams this view was suddenly shut from his vision by a lovely girl who paused between him and the shore.

Before night they were acquainted and promenading about the hotel. In short, the promenading quickly ripened into love until it got dead ripe.

After their return to New York, it became necessary for the young man to make known to the young lady's father the state of affairs, and ask for the royal consent.

The young man was, of course, ignorant of the fact that the young lady had herself told her mother and sisters all about it, and they had told their cousins, who had circulated it among all their personal friends under bond of secrecy, until probably it was not known by more than five or six hundred persons.

This is what made it such easy business for the young man. Because he had no ice to break. As soon as he laid his hat on the office-desk and opened his mouth, the old gentleman, in the delirium of delight at getting rid of his eldest daughter, lost his head and said:

"It's all right, it's all right; take her, my boy, take her and be happy. I know all about it. Mrs. Guff told me everything. You needn't tell me how much you are worth, or what your prospects are. I know all about your habits, prospects, salary and family. You are a good catch, my boy, a mighty good catch."

This rather staggered the young man.

"I came to see how I can break off the match."

"What, break off the match?" repeated the would-be father-in-law.

"Yes, break it off."

"Why do you wish to do it?" asked the old man.

"Because," he said: "I have been working your record up, just as you have been working up mine. Your daughter wants a rich husband; I also want a rich wife. I find that all your property on Fifth Avenue is mortgaged to the chimney-tops, and you are worth nothing. If you paid what you owe, you would be carrying an advertising-banner on the public thoroughfares."

The old man was dazed.

"I like your impertinence!"

"I suppose you do," said the young man: "and I like yours. If you old coons who speculate with your daughters, and hope eventually to be taken care of by their husbands, would put off your record-hunting until you are asked for them, you would make out better in the end. Just paste that in your wife's spring-bonnet where she can see it occasionally."

And now that young man has a diamond ring which he does not know whether to raffle off or keep for the next girl.

R. K. M.

Answers for the Anxious.

E. MUGGINS.—Please send present address.

R. B. H., Fremont, O.—The manager of our business department positively declines to take pay for your subscription in chickens.

MAUD S.—If your namesake couldn't trot any better than you can write, she would be working in front of a Broadway omnibus by this time.

EBREW.—So long as you do your poeting in strict privacy, we have no objection. But we will not be your accomplice in trying to spring your work upon a helpless and confiding public.

LAURIE.—What has become of your manuscript? Laurie, dear boy, what has become of the snows of yesterday? What has become of the violets of year before last? What has become of the icicles of B. C. 973? Don't ask foolish questions in this fair spring weather, Laurie.

R. P. S.—We suppose you sent us your manuscript to show us how well you can copy. If you regarded it as an original composition, however, you had some precedent for your performance. Tom Hood regarded that same sketch as an original composition, a many years ago. He was rather proud of it at the time, we believe.

THE BRITON ABROAD.



With a gun and a fan and a salmon-spear,
And a hatchet by my side,
And my hat cocked over my dexter ear,
And a Briton's look of pride,
And an easel strapped on my broad, broad back,
And a pair of tourist-boots,
I start on my bold and British track,
Nor mind the rabble's hoots.
And when I go home I've a book to write,
To tell of the time I've had;
And I'll say all the things that have met my sight
Were un-British, base and BAD.

B. EAPH.

FREE LUNCH.

St. Nicholas says that "the number of years the Esquimaux will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world." Now, what we wish to say is that, no matter how patient these people may be, we don't think they would have the patience to stand on a front stoop at two o'clock in the morning, with a stiff breeze blowing, and pick the overcoat-lining out of a night-key when the darkness made it impossible to see the key. We also think they would not have the patience to put 8,917,987 pieces of silk into a crazy quilt, to be given to a church fair for nothing.

A CARELESS MAN left a package containing \$23,000 with the porter of a sleeping-car and forgot all about it for over a week. At the end of that time the porter hunted him up and returned it to him intact, refusing to accept any reward for his honesty. That's all right. It is no credit for a millionaire not to steal.

AMONG THE INDIANS there is only one universal language, and that is by signs. It is always understood. When you see an Indian fooling around the dome of a man's head with one hand, while he flourishes his carving knife with the other, his meaning is as plain as the nose on a politician's face.

A WESTERN HUMOROUS and literary weekly, announced as "a phenomenal success," has suspended publication six weeks in order to make preparations to come out as a monthly. Every Western humorous paper is a phenomenal success if it lives six weeks without the editor being killed.

"AN OREGON farmer has sheared fifteen pounds of wool from a sheep weighing seventy-five pounds." This is nothing. Several Wall Street farmers recently sheared from a lamb weighing 150 pounds \$500,000 worth of wool, and he wasn't a very rich lamb, either.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.



The First Physician who will Take Advantage of the Prevailing Craze for Pets, and Set Up as an Animal Doctor, will have what is Known in Vulgar Parlance as a Perfect Feast.

PUCK.





"SHIP-BUILDING FOR REPAIRS."

SECRETARY WHITNEY.—"It seems to me, Gentlemen, that you have been Repairing a Damaged Party out of a Decaying Navy."

GILL

AN EVOLUTION IN SUICIDE.



The noble Romans took their lives in the above historic style—(warranted to kill every time).



In later years, a few have etheralized themselves by shuffling off the end of a pier.



Our friend Beertap, having attended a temperance lecture, and learning that alcoholic liquors of any kind were poison, resolved to end his years in the above manner. He was found, next morning, dead—drunk.



The poet's mode of seeking death—very effectual.



The tramp naturally seeks that mode of death which will give him the least work, so he allows himself to die of miasma.



The present mode in New York—rent some rooms in a flat and await the natural consequences.

THE CITY-EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL.

A young man writes to me, asking the chief difficulty he would encounter in becoming a reporter. He imagines himself as possessing some taste and talent in a literary way, and desires, in a noble spirit of philanthropy, to give the world the benefit of his burning genius by caracoling into print through the columns of a great daily. Generous youth! Verdant monument of saline deficiency! Bend a listening ear to a brief ebullition of advice the cheapest commodity of these latter days. That is why we offer it with all the magnanimity of our open heart.

Literary talent, eh? Well, elevate your spanker and sail in. The winds seem favorable, and pleasant progress assured. Then, some fine morning, when the echo of the midnight bells has been silent for an hour or more, the fire-bell begins to promulgate a little echo of its own. The number sounded is that of a box about two miles from the office. The city-editor notifies you of your election as a delegate to attend that fire, and you chassay out into the silent street. You mentally calculate the distance and the limited time before the paper goes to press. Then let your bountiful literary

talent get in its work. It seems to sneak away through a rear window, does it not? Your impression is that it leaves you in the lurch.

Yes, Sophisticus, you may be an artist in constructing Addisonian phrases; but to reach that fire you must be an artist in oscillating your legs. You return with humid undergarments, and, puffing like a locomotive, begin the Addison act, with the "devil" snatching each page as you write it, and the foreman up-stairs yelling through the tube equivocal praises regarding your capabilities as a rapid writer.

But your greatest trial is yet to come. Were your heart of adamant, the city-editor's blue pencil would break it. Are you going to tremble as you see an eagle eye frowning over your copy, and a blue pencil softly gliding across the written pages? Yes, Sophisticus, you are. That terrible pencil scratches out a word here, a line there, and another and another, and possibly the city-editor finishes the matter by throwing the whole article in the basket, and then looks over at your desk with a glance that speaks volumes. If it goes on the hook, it looks like a map of the Soudan war. You would not recognize in the morning paper what you deemed a child of your fancy. Maybe you will wonder how three lines can tell the story for

which you took a quarter of a column. Quite likely you will see that blue pencil in your dreams. Then, after a few years of "reportorial" work have passed over your head, you will realize that instead of what you fondly anticipated, you are, after all, only a cog in a wheel that is always whirling. J. H. THOLENS.

EUGENE QUINN, of Liverpool, recently stole five thousand dollars from his employer and received eight months imprisonment, while a poor woman who stole a fowl was sentenced for one year. It is believed if Mr. Quinn's employer had had a few more thousand dollars in his safe, Mr. Quinn might have escaped punishment altogether.

IN HER marriage with a foreign nobleman, the Princess Beatrice will fare better than most American princesses who try the experiment. She has an annuity of thirty thousand dollars settled on her, and when he begins to complain that she doesn't cook like his mother, she can go home to her mother, and he will either have to come around and apologize or starve to death.

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS

SUGGESTS SOME APPROPRIATE MOTTOS TO REPLACE THE OLD ONES WHICH HAVE BEEN TABOOED.

I have been sad, now, for a long time. The outside world thinks that those who don the motley never know any hours of sadness, any moments of poignant grief and heart-rending sorrow.

They misapprehend.

Oh, I have shed great, blinding, scalding, blistering, boiling, surging tears over the ills and the evils of society, the misappropriations of tried and trusted financiers, and especially over the unmerited lack of confidence on the part of friends who decline to make me any new loans till the old scores are settled.

But it is none of these things that grieves me now. They are the griefs of the past—the dead and buried dogs of a worthless litter and an overcrowded kennel.

I weep now over the decadence of a good old custom which the ruthless and inconsiderate hand of Time has swept down into the lethean gulf of oblivion, along with many other good and honored customs that are now observed no more.

I mean the custom of adorning the walls of our houses with mottos which, while they served to point a moral, were pithy reminders of some literary celebrity, or some scripture text, from whose writings or teachings they were terse and sententious excerpts.

Since this custom has fallen into desuetude, and since many humble but honest yeomen and other counter-jumpers, drummers, tailors, shoemakers and respectable citizens generally, to whom invidious Fate has denied the opportunity of becoming plumbers, gas-makers, or trusted bank-cashiers, with an easy and luxurious life before them—in Canada—since, then, many of these poor but honest citizens are unable to replace the blank upon the wall (that, erst, was covered with these old time-honored mottos,) with even respectable copies of Corot, Meissonier, Murillo, Michael Angelo and the thousand other celebrated artists, I would most respectfully submit that a new and perhaps a more appropriate set of mottos be adopted, so that some cheap and useful ornamentation may cheer the eye, and relieve the great blank space that now remains of all that was once gladsome and cheery.

As some distinguished writer has truly said, it is now no longer possible, in going into a friend's house, to tell whether they "Love one another," or fight like cats and dogs—whether "The Lord will provide," or they have to scratch around for a living.

So I respectfully but energetically protest against the utter extinction of this good old usage, and beg to suggest a few new and appropriate mottos to replace the old ones.

For the front hall there is already a very good one, which is frequently seen woven into the door-mat, and which kindly admonishes us of a civility that should always be observed on a muddy day, and is also a gentle hint as to what the mat is for. It is this:

WIPE YOUR FEET!

A good motto for the front parlor or reception-room would be:

YOU ARE WELCOME,
BUT DON'T STAY TOO LONG!

For the back parlor, where Miss Susan Jane receives her steady company on Sunday nights, the following would be a gentle and appropriate hint:

DON'T STAY AFTER TEN O'CLOCK P. M.

And then set the clock an hour ahead, so as to insure the young man's leaving before midnight.

The following is a good improvement on the old motto for the dining-room:

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY,
BUT DON'T BE A HOG!

As appropriate mottos for the young ladies' rooms, I suggest the following:

REMEMBER YOUR BACK HAIR!

GET UP BEFORE NOON!
Don't Expect The Cook To Bring Up
Your Breakfast!

For the boys' room the following are recommended:

DON'T HAVE TO BE CALLED FIFTY TIMES
BEFORE YOU GET UP!

GET UP BEFORE YOU ARE
CLUBBED UP!

The following mottos should be hung in the old man's room, where his eye can rest on them the last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, and so that he may dream on them all night:

THESE THINGS COME
HIGH, BUT WE MUST HAVE THEM!

PAY YOUR DEBTS!

BEWARE OF THE SHERIFF!

KEEP DOWN EXPENSES!

REMEMBER THE TAILOR!

For materfamilias I would suggest:

ONE HUSBAND'S ENOUGH!

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN!

DARN THEM STOCKINGS!

For the nurse's room this:

LET THE CHILDREN HAVE THEIR OWN WAY!

For the cook:

KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!

HOURS FOR MEALS:
Breakfast - - - - 6 to 12 A. M.
Luncheon - - - - 12 to 6 P. M.
Dinner - - - - 6 to 12 P. M.
Tea - - - - 12 to 6 A. M.
BE PROMPT!

The politician's motto:

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY FOR
EVERYBODY BUT ME!

I have no copyright on these mottos. The world is welcome to them. They are as free to all as cod-liver oil and milk. I am not wealthy, and cannot give my country a free dime-museum; but, like Ruskin and Oscar Wilde, I believe in making the home pleasant and cheerful with ornate *entourage*, and if I can contribute anything toward the advancement of my fellow-beings who have not as yet escaped to Canada, by suggesting these mottos, which may be worked in worsted, or crocheted on perforated coard-board, or fresh porous-plasters, or any other suitable and convenient fabric that the fancy of the artist may suggest; and if, by doing so, I can lighten any of the burdens of life by shifting them on some one else; or if I can add but ever so trifling a moiety to the enjoyment of the overworked, underfed, downtrodden, despised, ragged and thirsty members of society who never knew the luxury of eating pie, and who have to struggle real hard to get a drink; or if I can encourage the feeble amenities of aristocratic society, so that the existence of the wealthy may be no longer embittered by the tauntings of a remorseful conscience, by suggesting these timely and appropriate mottos, then I shall

(A motto for everybody)

BE HAPPY!

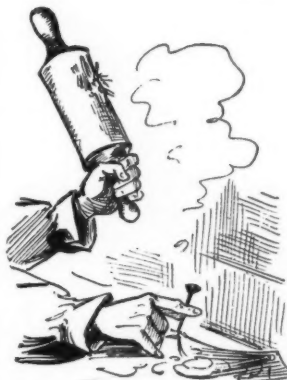
Yours philanthropically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A FEW INCIDENTS IN AN ABSENT-MINDED HOUSEHOLD.



DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE HUSBAND.



DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE WIFE.

THE TEXAS GAR.

The alligator gar is a Southern fish, whom an allwise Creator, for some mysterious purpose, has endowed with a sylph-like figure not unlike the shape of a Fifth Avenue dude, and an appetite that is large enough to put a trainful of editorial excursionists to the blush, to use purely figurative language.

Some of the most experienced Texas liars concede that the gar reaches the length of ten feet; but, if so, there is really no occasion for swelling the returns, as the gar's mission in life is taking the bait off the hooks of men fishing for trout, and for that purpose a gar a foot and a half long answers the purpose just as well as if he had a mouth as long as the scissors of the editorial writer who edits all these patent outside newspapers.

The gar has accomplished a great deal in the way of retarding the growth of religion in Texas; for one gar who has nothing else to do can take off the bait for five fishermen, and keep them so busy swearing as to completely neutralize the effects of the camp-meeting missionaries and other means of grace.

One day I angled with a shot-gun in the pelucid waters of the San Antonio River, and caught a gar whose nervous system was not acclimated to the kind of bait used. There was a Frenchman named Alphonse in that village, who kept a restaurant, and imagined he knew everything. He had never cooked a gar, but he agreed to have it boiled in French style, and have it served up next day. The more a gar is boiled, the more does it assume the attributes of gutta-percha. Alphonse began to boil that gar at an early hour, but at dewy eve, like the feeling of Conkling toward Blaine, it showed no signs of softening.

About nine o'clock Alphonse undertook to prod the gar with a fork; but the recoil dislocated his wrist, and hurled the fork with such violence that it stuck in the ceiling, and a colored waiter had to swing on it before it came out.

This is partly tough; but the gar is a tough fish, even before he is boiled. The site of the structure where Alphonse kept his restaurant

can still be seen with the nude eye. He committed suicide because so many people came in and asked him about that boiled gar.

If there is no bait on the hook, the gar hangs around with the persistency of a bourbon at the White House until he does get something. Occasionally a gar is hooked. If he cannot bite off the line, he darts backward and forward through the water as if it was boiling hot and he was hunting for a shady place. In such a crisis the gar displays the nervous haste of a man who is hunting for his hat when he is late for the train.

The gar is among fish what Ben Butler is in political life. He is a constant source of annoyance to those who fish in the troubled waters of political contention. The gar has no settled political convictions, but simply takes everything in sight, if he can get it.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

A COUPLE OF REFLECTIONS.

By PUCK's Omar Khayyam.

Roses may do to make a poet's bed,
Roses may do to crown a beauty's head;
But they are not a circumstance unto
Brandy and soda for a large swelled head.

Ne'er wed a woman when she's growing old,
Ne'er pluck the rose before it doth unfold,
And ne'er forget the man who sticks to you,
When you're in trouble, with his bright red gold.

Oh, why does that lady so joyously scan
That handsome young swell o'er the top of her fan?
She watches with smiles, and the reason of that
Is because he is wearing an Espenscheid hat.
118 Nassau Street, New York.

REED & CARRICK'S SO LUM HYPOCHLORITE. Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior and least expensive of all disinfectants and germicides. Cholera, Diphtheria, Fever, Malaria, etc., prevented by its use. Sold everywhere. Send for Sample.

REED & CARRICK, 182 Fulton Street, New York. 177

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

All persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions will find immediate relief and sure cure by using **Angostura Bitters**. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

AN EXCUSABLE PARADOX.



"Louisa, you shouldn't mind it if your uncle is a little cross—he is not what he was, you know, and he's getting a little childish."

"Oh, but, aunty dear, he isn't old enough yet to be childish!"

—Fliegende Blätter.

THE Winter which is drawing to a close, has been unexampled in its severity. For months the RIVERS, as well as the streams, have been SOLID, and the FILTH, which usually passes off in the water-courses, has accumulated alarmingly. When SPRING opens, the impulse which may be given, to the usual effect of BAD WATER, is to be dreaded; backed, as it is, by impending and expected

CHOLERA

As a Preventive against the attacks of CHOLERA, and like Zymotic diseases, the GENUINE

Fred. Brown's Ginger

has proved in the past of the greatest service; (a teaspoonful in each glass of water used, is recommended,) and in LARGER doses with hot water, as a remedy in the treatment of persons attacked, it has done much good.

PREPARE FOR THE ENEMY by having a bottle of the

GENUINE
FRED'K BROWN'S GINGER
always on hand.

SHUN Worthless IMITATIONS, put up in Blue Paper. See that the Brown's Ginger you take is NOT ONLY WRAPPED in BLUE but has THREE (3) TRADE-MARKS ON IT:

1. THE STEEL ENGRAVED LABEL with Signature.
2. THE RED ADDITIONAL with Signature. And
3. ADDITIONAL TRADE-MARK in BLUE, BLACK and WHITE with USUAL DOSE.

FREDERICK BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
GUNS,
RIFLES, REVOLVERS
AMMUNITION

AND
Hunting Clothing.
Send Stamp for Spalding's Journal of Field Sports.

108 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.
241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES
AND TRICYCLES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.
THE POPE MFG CO.,
597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
BRANCH HOUSES:
12 Warren Street, New York.
115 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 123

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
Watches and
Jewelry



Schneider. GREAT
REDUCTION
IN PRICE OF
SILVER and GOLD
WALTHAM
WATCHES.
LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

A SUMMER RESORT GUIDE

Sent Free. Address, A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Pas-
senger Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. 145

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces
DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at
HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

A GREAT
LUXURY.

Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birming-
ham, England. Sold by all grocers.

PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free.
EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.,
and 21 Park Place, New York.
Sole Agents for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt
of address, "PASTRY & SWEETS," a little work con-
taining Practical Hints and Original Recipes for
Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table. 63



PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation.
Used with any clean pen for marking
any fabric. Popular for decorative
work on linen. Received Centennial
MEDAL & Diploma. Estab-
lished 50 years. Sold by all
Druggists, Stationers & News Agts.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street.
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from
1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors
—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter
Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Chil-
dren, 25 cents.

YOU STOP

can learn rapid note-taking accurately with
two hours' study. Book of instructions and
examples sent post-paid for 25 cents.

J. B. HULING, Chicago.
your writing incorrectly! How to use punctu-
ation marks and capital letters told plainly.
Book for 25c., postpaid.
J. B. HULING, Chicago. 176

PUCK NO. 422,

with double-page supplement on

GENERAL U. S. GRANT,

is not out of print. Copies can be had of all news-
dealers, or will be mailed on receipt of price (10 cents).

Address:

OFFICE OF PUCK,
21, 23, 25 Warren St., N. Y.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or
three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THE editor of the Battle Creek (Mich.) *Moon*
has a dog, and made this argument after pay-
ing license for him:

"In Michigan they assess a dog one dollar
for being a dog. In Tennessee they assess a
man fifty cents to become a doctor. It costs
'heluf a tollar' more to be a dog in Michigan
than a doctor in Tennessee. Don't be a dog."
—*Boston Post.*

You want to know why it is called the Eng-
lish sparrow, do you, Ethel? Well, dear, it is
because it is very English in its ways. Making
more noise than any other bird of its size, quar-
reling all the time that it is not eating, and
seeming to think that this great universe was
created for its especial benefit. That is why it
is called the English sparrow, Ethel.—*Boston Post.*

THE new version of the Old Testament places
mankind considerably above instead of a little
lower than the angels. We are not surprised
at this. We have never yet seen a picture of
an angel that didn't look like an Italian opera
chorus-girl with wings on.—*Graphic.*

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's
Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron
with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures
Dyspepsia, Indiges-
tion, Weakness, Im-
pure Blood, Mala-
ria, Chills and Fe-
vers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases
of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases
peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
Enriches and puri-
fies the blood, stim-
ulates the appetite,
aids the assimila-
tion of food, re-
lieves Heartburn,
strengthens the
muscles & nerves
Does not injure the teeth, cause headache
or produce constipation; all other
Iron medicines do. Genuine has



**BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS**
trade-mark and crossed red lines on
wrapper. Taken no other. Made only by
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

MODERATE PRICES.

Every advantage that experience, skill and
capital can secure we have.

OUR NEW

PLAIDS, CHECKS and DIAGONALS,
FINEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

SPLENDID LINE OF

SPRING OVERCOATINGS.

Spring Overcoats to order from \$18.00
Suits " " " 20.00
Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-Measurement Rules Mailed on
Application.

NICOLL, "The Tailor,"

141 to 151 Bowery,

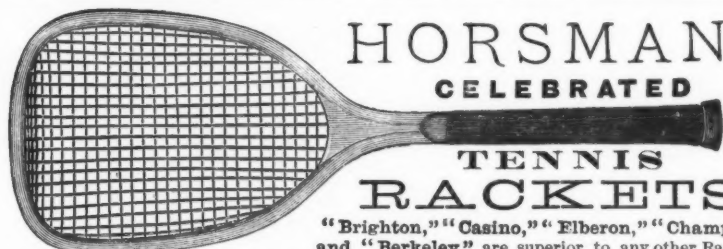
and
Broadway & Ninth Street,
Opposite Stewart's,
NEW YORK.



PHENIX MANUFACTURING CO.

It will pay you before purchasing to send for our illustrated Price List of
GUNS, PISTOLS, CUTLERY, etc. **EBNER & KRETZ,**
160 41 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BICYCLE WANTED. A first-class machine; must
be little used and in good
condition. Size, 54 inches.
Address "WHEEL," Box, 3538, N. Y. 166



HORSMAN'S CELEBRATED

TENNIS RACKETS.

"Brighton," "Casino," "Elberon," "Championship"
and "Berkeley" are superior to any other Rackets in the

market. The above illustration represents the New Racket, "BRIGHTON," which is unequalled.
Send stamp for Tennis and Bicycle Catalogue. 162

E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William St., New York.

SECOND CROP.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

PREËMINENTLY PERFECT PIECES, POEMS AND PICTURES FROM PUCK.

THE PIECES AND POEMS BY

BRET HARTE; WALTER LEARNED; DAVID L. PROUDFIT; A. MINER GRISWOLD;
John Albro; C. Ash; H. Atlas; J. K. Bangs; C. J. B.; John Paul Bocock; C. J. Cassels; E. D. C.; F. E. Chase;
N. C.; Altoona; J. W. C.; W. L. C.; B. W. Davis; H. C. Dodge; Malcolm Douglas; Henry Dunbar;
V. Hugo Dusenbury; Eugene Field; Gil Forde; J. L. Ford; A. R. G.; W. J. Henderson; S. H. H.;
N. Kay; A. S. Kimball; M. M. K.; W. J. Lampton; Basil Lewes; Arthur Lot; Thos. Mackay;
Bender Malone; "Manat"; "Mat"; Honorable Ephraim Muggins; A. Murphy; A. H. Oakes; Pat O'Hara;
Paul Pastnor; Arthur Penn; Eli Perkins; Manley S. Pike; James Whitcomb Riley; S. Sirrows;
Jno. Smashpipe, jr.; Harold Van Santvoord; Frank Dempster Sherman; Walter L. Sawyer;
Henry Wellington Vrooman; L. H. Tupper; Edward Wick; J. H. Williams;
R. K. MUNKITTRICK; H. C. BUNNER, AND OTHERS.

THE PICTURES BY

J. KEPPLER; F. OPPER; B. GILLAM; E. ZIMMERMAN;
E. S. Bisbee; Bruton; C. J. Budd; "Chip"; Wm. H. McDougall; F. Graetz; Carl von Stur; J. A. Wales.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. Price 25 Cents.



HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimples, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PINKEYE



Remarkable Cure of a Horse.

I had a valuable horse taken with Pinkeye, resulting in blood-poison. After nine months of doctoring I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it 40 running sores. I used 15 bottles S. S. S., and all symptoms of the disease disappeared, and there have been no signs of a return.

JAS. L. FLEMING, Augusta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.



HALFORD SAUCE.
THE GREAT RELISH.

122

ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD
For Children PAST Teething.
Write us for testimonials of the medical profession regarding it.
ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.
P. O. Box 3773, New-York.



CRANDALL & CO.,
589 Third Avenue,
between 37th and 38th Streets.

Oldest house in the world for the manufacture of Baby Carriages. Newest patterns in rattan, reed and wood. Centennial and other awards. Springs, gearing and work indorsed by J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., Dr. Shady and other physicians as safe and healthful. Catalogue free.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

OPEN EVENINGS.

76

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
SPEEDILY REMOVES SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES, leaving the skin soft and fair, adds great beauty to the complexion. MRS. PEARL and all beautiful women use it. ORDER 50 cts. a bottle, worth double that compared with other articles for the same purpose. All Druggists Sell it. Be sure you get the genuine.
CHAMPLIN & Co., Prop's, BUFFALO, N. Y.

84

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

From Shediak the Canadian
Went to look for the half-breed man;
And ere the month of May was gone
He roped him up in Saskatchewan.

From Shubenacodie and Memrancook
His weary way the volunteer took,
From Passakeag and Bartibougue,
He marched away to corral the rogue.

From Magaguadavie* and Stewiacke,
Assametquaghan and Pelicodiac,†
From Rusiagonish and Ste. Flavie,
Nauigewauk and Apohagui—

From several places that I can't spell,
And some that I can't pronounce, as well,
They chased the half-breed over the plains,
And knocked him out with their easiest names.

* This is the way Maggie Davie is spelled in New Brunswick; or perhaps I should say that is the way our cousins beyond the St. Croix pronounce Magaguadavie.

† This word does not rhyme with zodiac, as it would if you pronounced it by eye. It is sung by ear, and is called Petticojack, accent heavy on the jack.

NOTE.—This isn't very good poetry; but then no man can write thoroughbred poetry about a half-breed Indian.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

A PROHIBITIONIST is a man who says he wants the saloons closed. So is a druggist. —Graphic.

"A better article it is impossible to get, sir; I have tried them all and unhesitatingly pronounce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Superior to any. (Ext.)

BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music

PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.

WAREHOUSES:

26 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK.

PERLE D'OR CHAMPAGNE

Dry and Extra Dry.

178 Duane St., N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all

STOMACH BITTERS,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.
Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

PHONOGRAPHY, or Phonetic Short Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustration for beginners, sent on application. Address: PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler and Tooth Brush,

Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00.

And if not perfectly satisfactory in every case, the money will be promptly returned.

Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly bang, crimp or curl the hair, beard or moustache by a new method, or to possess sound, white teeth and rosy gums, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions.

Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed by

THE PALL MALL
ELECTRIC
ASSOCIATION
OF LONDON,
ENGLAND.

50

CENTS EACH,
POSTPAID.

GREAT ANNOYANCE

has been caused to all people using tooth brushes, by the bristles coming out in the mouth. The Pall Mall Electric Association of London now take pleasure in introducing to the American public a Tooth Brush which they guarantee free from this troublesome defect, common to all other Tooth Brushes. The bristles are inserted in the handle by a patented process, which renders it simply impossible for them to come out in use. In addition to this, the handle of the Brush is made of a newly invented material permanently charged with an electro-magnetic current, which acts without any shock immediately upon the nerves and tissues of the mouth and gums. The act of brushing causes this current to flow into the nerve cells and roots of the teeth, and like water poured upon a plant, it invigorates and vitalizes ever partaking decay, building up and restoring the natural whiteness of the enamel, and quickly producing healthy, rosy color to the gums.

The handle is strong, beautifully polished, not affected by acids, impervious to moisture, and forever free from that unpleasant, musty odor exuding from wet bone handles.

THE ROYAL DENTAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND testify in the strongest terms as to the quick benefits following the use of this Brush, and many experts in dentistry declare it to be the greatest invention in dental appliances since the manufacture of artificial teeth.

These articles are sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers; but if you cannot get them conveniently, remit us the price by Draft, Check, Money, Post Office Order, or Stamps, at our risk, and they will be promptly sent to any address postpaid.

AGENTS! (Either Sex) Wanted for Dr. Scott's Beautiful Electric Corsets, Belts, Electric Hair, Flesh and Tooth Brushes and Insoles. No Risk. Quick Sales. Satisfaction guaranteed. For Terms address

G. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION

now offer to the American public their new Electric Hair, Beard and Moustache Curler. It is a handsome article, nickel-plated, with an embossed handle, and it should occupy a place in the toilet of every lady and gentleman in America.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled in any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Pati Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Those who wear crimps or other forms of false hair will find this Electric Curler a very useful article. It does not break off and ruin the hair like the ordinary crimping process, and in wet or hot weather it works as quickly as in cold. For curling the Moustache or Beard in a moment it has no equal, while it is so simple in its operation that any one can use it properly the first time. Direction, accompanying each one.

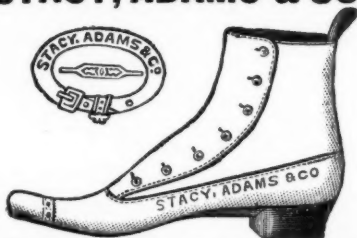
Behning Bros

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.
WAREHOUSES, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

They Stand at the Head! THE BEST SHOES

For Gentlemen's wear, in the World, for the money are made by

STACY, ADAMS & CO.



COMFORT, STYLE & DURABILITY!

Ask your dealer for the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe. These goods are made of the best French and Domestic stock, Kangaroo tops, in hand and machine sewed, in CONGRESS, BUTTON and LACE, and EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. Satisfaction is guaranteed everyone that wears the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe. Sold everywhere by first-class dealers.

If these goods are not kept in stock by your dealer, send your address to

STACY, ADAMS & CO.,
98 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION.



THE PILLOW-INHALER!

Cures CATARRH, Hay-Fever, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION by enabling the sufferer to breathe (inhale) powerful, healing, soothing and curative vapors all night, — eight hours out of the twenty-four, — whilst sleeping as usual. Safe, comfortable, pleasant. Inexpensive. The most successful treatment ever known. No matter what you have tried or how despairing you are, call and see it, or send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

THE PILLOW-INHALER CO.,
25 East 14th Street, New York.



BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

Of any kind, send stamp to **A. W. GUMP,** Dayton, Ohio, for large illustrated price list of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

PUCK'S ALMANAC for 1878, 15 cents.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, 25 cents per copy.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 1, 1880, No. 3, 1882, No. 4, 1883, and No. 5, 1884, 25 cents per copy.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

(First Crop, Twelfth Edition,) 25 cents.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, 1884, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.

All of the above publications are still in print and will be mailed upon receipt of price. Address

OFFICE OF PUCK,

Nos. 23—25 Warren Street, New York.

WITH \$5

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY BOND.

ISSUE OF 1874.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums four times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

FOUR DRAWINGS ANNUALLY,

until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are no BLANKS.

4 Premiums	200,000 Florins	800,000 Florins.
4 " "	20,000 " "	80,000 " "
4 " "	5,000 " "	20,000 " "
20 " "	1,000 " "	20,000 " "
45 " "	250 " "	12,000 " "
5,120 " "	140 " "	716,800 " "

Together 5,200 premiums, amounting to 1,648,800 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the **First of July**, and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.

"ONE hundred doses for one dollar," is the way a patent-medicine heads its "ad." Man takes a dollar's worth. Then the undertaker comes along, and it costs the man one hundred dollars for one dose. Thus we see all things come around even in this old world, after all. When wheat is cheap flour is high, and when you can buy a whole stall-fed ox for four cents a pound, beef-steak keeps right up to nineteen cents, with a close flavor of the horns at that. When the telephone company chops two holes through the roof of your house for nothing, it makes up for it by charging you fifty cents for telling the coalman to bring you twelve tons of hard coal, when you only tried to order three quarts of ice-cream from the confectioner's. Oh, it's all right. At least it "is," and whatever is, is right.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., a man recently attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a paper of tacks, but failed. Physicians for several days mined his person for iron, and at last succeeded in getting all the tacks out of his stomach. Probably the next time that he attempts suicide with tacks he will also swallow enough carpet to hold them down. About two yards of old back-number carpet would be quite enough, and after he had crawled outside of this he could not order his coffin any too sudden.—*Peck's Sun.*

"It has always seemed a very curious thing to me—" said a lady at the theatre, and then she paused.

"Well," said her husband, a little impatiently: "what is it that has always seemed such a curious thing to you?"

"Why, that bald-headed men should care to sit so near the flies."—*Good Cheer.*

Pneumonia Scare Well Founded.

The prevalence of pneumonia is greatly exciting the public and interesting the medical fraternity. Most of the cases arise from careless exposure in our peculiarly trying climate. The best safeguard is an equable and healthy condition of the body. This can be secured to a great extent by the careful use of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which is distilled and manufactured by a new process, without even leaving a trace of fusel oil, so common in other whiskies. The doctors recommend this article for medical purposes. The public now thoroughly appreciate its merits. Sold by all respectable druggists and grocers

Arnold, Constable & Co. CLOTH NOVELTIES.

We are exhibiting a fine line of Imported Plain and Fancy Suiting Cloths suitable for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear. Choice styles in Fancy Striped and Checked Cassimeres for "Gladstone" Jackets. New designs and Colorings in Fancy Batiste Suiting Cloths.

Also, just received, an additional invoice of "Anderson's" Zephyr Gingham and Fancy Printed Cotton Satteens.

Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

NIEDER SELTERS WATER

(The Original German Selters).

Recommended by the leading European medical authorities for its purity.

UNEQUALLED AS A TABLE WATER.

Beware of Imitations.

ANTHONY OECHS.

51 Warren Street,

Sole Agent for the United States.

J. SCHWEPPE & CO.
MINERAL WATERS.

TRADE MARK.

LEMONADE AND GINGER ALES.

PURVEYORS TO

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and all the Royal Family.

These celebrated beverages may be obtained of all wine

merchants, grocers and druggists, or from the factory,

52 WASHINGTON AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA



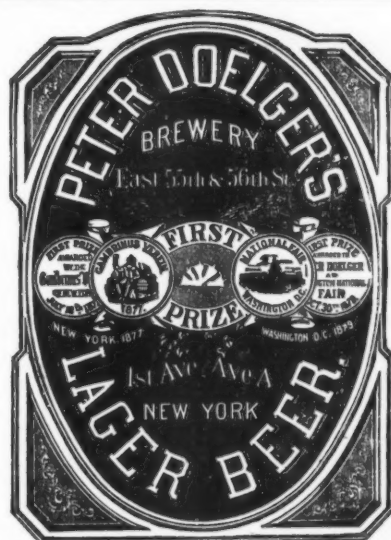
BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.

51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

RUPPERT'S
Lager Beer Brewery,
3rd Avenue, 91st to 92nd Streets,
NEW YORK.



RECENT NUMBERS OF PUCK ARE NEVER
OUT OF PRINT.

If your News-dealer can not supply you with any desired copy, you may procure it by applying to the Publishers or their General Agents,

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

29 & 31 Beckman Street, New York.



OFFICE OF "PUCK," 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

THE OLD ATTEMPT.

Mr. Beecher is Trying to Bridge the Chasm between the Old Orthodoxy and Science with his Little Series of "Evolution Sermons."
We Wish Him Luck; but We Don't Feel Hopeful.